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" Prompt to improve and to invite,
" We blend instruction with delight."—POPE.

POPULAR TALES.

" To virtue if these Tales persuade,
" Our pleasing toil is well repaid."

FROM THE MINERVA.

THE EXILE OF THE ALLEGHANY; OR NATIONAL GRATITUDE.

An American Tale.

BY J. G. B.

— "Egregias animas, quæ sanguine nobis
Janc patriam peperere suo, decorare supremis
Muneribus." —

VIRGIL.

I have always been an attentive, if not an intelligent observer of human character, as displayed in the various situations of life. Whether it has been a study more fraught with pain than with pleasure, I am not prepared to say; but if it be a pursuit that needs justification, it is enough that I have found it a source of moral instruction. I have learned to despise the fool of unbridled and insolent prosperity; to hate and condemn the profligate of successful cunning, and to bow respectfully before virtue and honour, which the world is too busy to seek out, or too vile to appreciate. A mind, naturally restless, and untrammelled by the ties or connexions which ordinarily render men stationary, has urged me over many a shore and many a sea." In the course of my wanderings, I have often witnessed scenes that might well claim the interest of those (are there any such?) who can feel for sufferings which do not form a part of their own destiny; in other words, who are sincerely philanthropists without vanity or ambition beneath the cloak of benevolence. The subject of the present narrative will not flatter individual self-sufficiency, nor pamper national pride; in some it may excite asperity by recalling unwelcome recollections of violated faith and spott'd honour; nevertheless, it shall be fearlessly told.

In the winter of 18—I was travelling in Pennsylvania. When I reached the base of the Alleghanies, I left my horse in the charge of a peasant, and ascended on foot. I climbed ridge after ridge, braced by the pure air, and excited by the increasing majesty of the scenery, until I wholly forgot the flight of hours and my remoteness from the habitations beneath. When I attained the summit, the day was fast waning, and the rising wind moaning through the defiles of the hills and shaking the bare branches of the trees, warned me of a coming storm. I immediately began to descend, in the vain hope of reaching the foot of the mountain before night fall. Darkness had already gath-

ered in the eastern vallies, and the last ray of light was leaning on the western ridge when I observed a rude cabin, sheltered beneath the branches of a hemlock. I approached and raised the latch of the door, which was not barred, although on my entrance I perceived the room to be unoccupied. The deserton, however, seemed only temporary, as a few embers were decaying on the hearth. I threw some pieces of wood on the brands, and seating myself on a rough bench, began by the dim and imperfect light to scan the apartment. All around me spoke of barrenness and destitution; it seemed the very temple of poverty where she had gathered all the symbols of her worship. "What miserable outcast," thought I, "can be the tenant of so comfortless a habitation? What could have impelled the most poverty-stricken wretch to abandon the crowds of life, where the overflows of the rich man's table may find their way to the poor man's board, and to dwell in this mountain solitude, whither the footsteps of charity cannot pursue him?—Is it crime, is it pride, or is it misanthropy?"

Musing on this theme, and fatigued with the toils of the day, I sunk into a reverie. The forest storm was now raging without in all its destructive violence, which, added to the loneliness and desolation of the spot, produced a feverish excitement of mind that encouraged wild and fantastic ideas. shade after shade flitted across the dream of my imagination, and I could hear in the howlings of the gale, the cry of distress and the shout of rapine. All the vague apprehensions of an overheated fancy came crowding and pressing on my heart, and although reason struggled for the mastery, yet she could not overcome them. While thus wrapped in a waking dream, with my eyes bent downwards, a shadow like the form of a man suddenly darkened the floor: I sprang hastily upon my feet, and the action recalled my scattered senses. A man, coarsely clad, but of a majestic and venerable bearing, stood before me. In one hand he held a hunting-gun, and in the other some forest game, which, little as it was, seemed a heavy burthen to his aged frame. "A stranger in my cabin," he exclaimed in a tone of surprise, but not of apprehension. "A stranger," said I, "who is in need of hospitality." A slight flush apparently of pain rosed to his cheek as he replied, "If a seat by my hearth-fire and a repast of mountain game, deserve the name of hospitality, you shall freely share them; they are all

it is in my power to offer." With these words he laid aside his burthen, and divesting himself of his outward garments, kindled a light, and sat down by the fire. I had now an opportunity of studying his appearance more narrowly; it was remarkable and interesting. His form was tall and graceful, though bent with years; his forehead high and bold, and his temples partially covered with locks that rivalled winter in whiteness. His clear gray eye had a military quickness in its motion, and seemed as if it should belong to one who had watched the movements of armed bands rather than the flight of the forest bird, or the bounds of the forest deer. His face had that educated expression which invariably characterizes the cultivated man, and that well-bred aspect which can only be obtained by habitual intercourse with polished society. Struck by the incongruity between such a man and such a habitation, I determined to learn if possible, the cause of his situation and the history of his life.

With this design, after our frugal repast was ended, and conversation had inspired mutual confidence, I ventured to touch the string. The character of his mind as it became developed, and the style of his remarks had awakened an intense interest, which I had neither the power nor the design to conceal. I was confident that I was in the presence of no ordinary man. "How happens it," I said, "that you have chosen this solitude, so bare and so comfortless, for the asylum of your age? Methinks that splendid mansions and courtly society might claim, and proudly too, a form and mind like yours for an inmate and an ornament. What can have driven you across the circle that encloses social life, to this solitary abode?" "Young man," the stranger replied, "it is but a common tale, and why should I obscure the fair light of youthful feeling with the shadows of aged suffering? My tale is one which, when told, will leave a dark remembrance, that will hang like a cloud on your brightest and happiest hours. It is one which I shall tell in sadness, not in wrath, but which you will hear with feelings swelled by both. Listen to my words, and if while I speak, your voice should break forth in curses upon injury and ingratitude, remember that I curse not, but forgive.—You ask what has made me an exile from life, and a tenant of this wild spot; my answer is, the ingratitude of others and my own just pride. Could I have tamed my own high spirit, to bear insulting pity and scornful charity, I would never have forsaken the haunts of men, but I prefer the savage independence of a mountain hunter to the polished servitude of a courtly parasite. You will understand the reason of my exile from the events of my life:

"Young stranger, you see before you one whose name once sounded far and wide across the fields of America; one, whose banner your fathers followed to battle forty years ago;

one who afterwards presided in the councils of your nation, and whose head was raised high among the great ones of the land. In the tenant of this wretched hut you behold a man of lofty ancestry and once princely fortune; the last of a time-honoured family, on which the cloud of misfortune has settled darkly and forever. What boots it that I should tell you that years and years ago, long ere the freedom of America was yet in embryo, the name which I bear was made famous by my gallant ancestors on fields where the British Lion waved bloodily and triumphantly—that the war-cry of our family was the loudest in conflict, and its flag foremost in the charge of the brave? To the young and untamed spirit, such recollections are like the rays of morning which herald a glorious and shining day; but on the old and withered heart they fall like sunset beams, fraught with memory but not with expectation. But, to my story:—my father left his European home for America, when America was yet an appendage of Britain. His wealth and his influence descended to me. I was in the prime of my days when the aggressions and tyrannies of the English ministry gave birth to the revolution of the colonies. Although my inheritance placed me high in the aristocracy of Britain, and my fortune pleaded strongly against the perils and chances of such a struggle, I did not hesitate for a moment. I embraced the righteous cause, ardently and firmly; and from that instant, ancient ties were severed, and America was the land of my allegiance. I became one of the leaders of her armies. My country was then poor, and I was rich; the brave men whom I commanded were suffering for the necessities of life: the treasury was bankrupt, and I advanced from my own purse the means of support to my soldiers who would otherwise have been compelled to disperse. The events of the revolutionary contest I need not relate to you, for they must be familiar to every man between the Mississippi and the Atlantic. After its triumphant termination, as the fortunes of my country were on the increase, my own were on the wane. Ill crowded on ill, and that destiny which overturns the haughtiest and the proudest families, decreed that mine should lie prostrate in the dust. When the last and deadliest vial of fate was poured upon me, and the last leaf of my prosperity had withered, and *not till then*, I applied to my country, not for charity, but for the repayment of a sacred obligation. I asked from her abundance a return of the money I had loaned her in her destitution; and how, think you, was I paid?"

"Surely," said I, "with heartfelt gratitude and boundless liberality."

"With inhuman neglect and with heartless insensibility!" exclaimed the aged man: "the men who then represented the nation, were nursed in prosperity, until their hearts were hardened, and they scorned and neglected the

veteran warriors who had trampled the bravest and the best of England's chivalry to the earth, that their sons might be free."

"What," said I, "were not such claims as yours, which stood on the double foundation of justice and gratitude, promptly acknowledged and cheerfully cancelled?"

"Promptly acknowledged!" he replied with mingled grief and irony, "know you not that an American congress is a *deliberative* body, and that deliberation is never prompt? Cheerfully cancelled! know you not, that its ruling principle is *economy*, and that economy is never cheerful in parting with its ore?"

"But surely," I interposed, "the nation was *just*, and paid its debts fully, if not with good will?"

"Listen to the sequel, and marvel at national justice," was the reply:—"When I exhibited my accounts against the government, there were some trifling items not sufficiently authenticated, which required examination. This examination was postponed from time to time; more interesting questions arose, on which members displayed their rhetorical abilities; congress did not choose to be hurried in its proceedings; the importunities of an aged, forlorn, and forsaken man, were considered as forward obtrusions. I was friendless and un-influential, I could neither uplift the aspiring nor prop the falling; my prayer was as ineffectual as that of the oppressed Israelites to the stern Egyptian, and heaven did not interpose in my behalf its supernatural afflictions to force them to their duty. A winter passed, and left my claims undecided; another and another rolled away, and still saw me neglected. True, I was lingering out a comfortless old age, obtaining subsistence in summer from the game of the woods, and inhabiting in winter a miserable lodging in one of the narrow alleys of the national metropolis. But what of that? the men who were to canvass my claims, dined sumptuously and lived in splendor, and felt not the wretchedness of justice deferred. Business must take its course, and my claim was an affair of business. One generous man, who had known me in better days did not shrink from my adversity.—He followed me one wintry day from the hall of the capitol to my obscure retreat in the metropolis, and with a benevolence that the proudest heart could not resist, forced me to his own house, and gave me the most honoured seat at his own hospitable board. He would listen to no refusal, and I remained his guest until spring. If heaven has blessings in store for generous deeds, may the eye of heaven beam benignly on that generous man!* At last my claims

were heard, after years of anxiety and endurance, during which I was once seized by the fangs of the law and thrown, in-mid-winter, into a prison at Georgetown, which would have been my grave, but for the active and warm-hearted charity of woman †. It is about a month since a pension of a few hundred dollars a year was awarded me in lieu of my claim for some thousands."

"How," I exclaimed, "a pension! then government has made a profitable bargain, for your exhausted frame already leans over the grave, and long ere the receipts of the pension can equal the amount of your claim, the clod will rattle on your coffin."—Little did I imagine how soon my prophecy was to be fulfilled! fate had already given the last turn to the hour-glass of his life, and its sands were nearly wasted.

"I came hither yesterday," continued he, "to take a last look at my mountain hut, and to prepare for removal a few family memorials, the only valuables which it contains. I have pursued the game to-day for the last time in these wilds: to-morrow, when we descend the mountain I will acquaint you with other particulars in my eventful life, and I will then tell you who I am. And now, good night, we both need repose."

That morrow dawned upon his lifeless body! I had observed, during his recital, that his frame frequently shook as if struggling between mental excitement and physical debility. Paleness and flushes alternately crossed his cheek as his excited feelings contended with his languid frame. An undefined foreboding hung like lead upon my heart, as I bade him good night and entered the adjoining apartment. I wrapped my cloak around me and threw myself upon the floor, but I could not sleep. About midnight I was startled by a sound which seemed like the groan of one in pain. Was it the wind sighing through the trees, or was it the agony of suffering humanity? I listened; it was repeated again and again, in tones that struck shrilly on my heart. I sprung to the door, and entered the other room; the hearth-fire was decayed, and I vainly stirred its brands for light. I opened the narrow casement; the night was dark and sullen, and cloud upon cloud rose in frowning masses from the horizon to the zenith. I could see nothing, but from a corner of the apartment the moans came distinctly to my ear. I groped my way to the spot—it was indeed the moan of that aged man. I laid my hand upon his brow, it was damp and cold—I touched his breast; the heart-pulse beat faintly and almost imperceptibly. "Merciful God!" I exclam-

* A friend of the writer heard this from the lips of General St. Clair himself. He mentioned it in terms of warm gratitude. Although a generous man does not wish his good actions to be blazoned forth, we trust that the veteran's benefactor will forgive us for mentioning his name, it is William H. Crawford, Secretary of the Treasury.

† A fact.

‡ General St. Clair was, in his old age, reduced to the necessity of keeping a miserable tavern on the high-road of the Alleghanies, while at the same time he had demands against the government which, had they been promptly met, would have rendered his situation comfortable. It is on this fact the present tale is founded.

ed "he is dying! here, in solitude and in darkness, with no aid to cherish that spark of life which timely interference might yet keep burning" "Benevolent stranger," he murmured, brokenly and faintly, "what aid can arrest the wheel of death, when it rolls over a form so aged as mine? My hour has come, and I have so lived that I can brave its horrors. The tardy justice of my country has come too late, and"—His voice ceased; I heard the death-rattle rising in his throat; I raised him gently in my arms, and the heart-broken veteran of the Revolution expired peacefully upon my bosom!

The storm was yet howling without as I laid the dead softly upon its pillow, and approached the window of the hut. "Yes," I exclaimed, "on such a spot and in such a scene should an injured hero die; nature at least may mourn his death, though cold and selfish man will learn it without emotion."

At last the gray dawn of light specked the horizon, and gradually ascended the East, ushering in the morrow on which the old man was to have quitted his rude cabin for a better home. He had indeed quitted it and forever, for a home where the memory of coldness and ingratitude cannot darken the brightness of the blessed; but the memory of his wrongs may yet, in the hour of retribution, be a pointed steel in the breasts of each and all of those whose neglect traced on his faded cheek the furrows of anguish amidst those of time. He forgave, but heaven will punish.

I descended the mountain, after a last look at the dead, and stopping at the first habitation gave the necessary orders for his burial, and the hero, whose bier should have been followed by a nation, was laid in the earth by a few hiring peasants. Such is national gratitude! Previously to my leaving the cabin, I observed on a small shelf a few books. I opened one that was old and worn, and on the inner cover I discovered a family escutcheon subscribed with these words, "AUGUST ST. CLAIR."

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FROM THE ETONIAN.

THE BOGLE OF ANNESLIE.

"An' ye winna believe i' the Bogle?" said a pretty young lassie to her sweetheart, as they sat in the door of her father's cottage on one fine Autumn evening:—"Do you hear that, mither, Andrew'll na believe i' the Bogle?"

"Gude be wi' us, Effie!" exclaimed Andrew—a slender and delicate youth of about two and twenty—"a bonny time I wad hae o't, gin I were to heed every auld wife's clatter."

The words "auld wife" had a manifest effect on Effie, and she bit her lips in silence.—Her mother immediately opened a battery upon the young man's prejudices, narrating that on Anneslie Heath, at ten o'clock o'night, a

certain apparition was wont to appear in the form of a maiden above the usual size, with a wide three cornered hat. Sundry other particulars were mentioned, but Andrew was still incredulous. "He'll rue that, dearly will he rue it!" said Effie, as he departed.

Many days, however, passed away, and Effie was evidently much disappointed to find that the scepticism of her lover gathered strength. Nay, he had the audacity to insult, by gibes and jests, the true believers, and to call upon them for the reasons of their faith. Effie was in a terrible passion.

At last, however, her prophecy was fulfilled. Andrew was passing over the moor, while the clock struck ten; for it was his usual practice to walk at that hour, in order to mock the fears of his future bride. He was just winding round the thicket which opened to him a view of the cottage where Effie dwelt, when he heard a light step behind him, and in an instant, his feet were tripped up, and he laid prostrate on the turf. Upon looking up he beheld a tall muscular man standing over him, who, in no courteous manner, desired to see the contents of his pocket. "Deil be on ye!" exclaimed the young forrester, "I hae but ae coin i' the warld." "That coin maun I hae," said his assailant. "Faith! I se show ye play for't, then," said Andrew, and sprung upon his feet.

Andrew was considered the best cudgel player for twenty miles round, so that in brief space, he cooled the ardor of his antagonist, and dealt such visitations upon his skull as might have made a much firmer head ache for a fortnight. The man stepped back, and pausing in his assault raised his hand to his forehead, and buried it among his dark locks. It returned covered with blood. "Thou hast cracked my crown," he said, "but he sha' no gang scatheless;" and, flinging down his cudgel, he flew on his young foe, and grasping his body before he was aware of the attack, whirled him to the earth with an appalling impetus. "The Lord hae mercy on me!" said Andrew, "I'm a dead man."

He was not far from it, for his rude foe was preparing to put the finishing stroke to his victory. Suddenly something stirred in the bushes, and the conqueror, turning away from his victim, cried out, "The bogle! the bogle!" and fled precipitately. Andrew ventured to look up. He saw the figure which had been described to him approaching; its face was very pale, and its step was not heard on the grass. At last it stood up by his side, and looked down upon him. Andrew buried his face in his cloak; presently the apparition spoke—indistinctly indeed, for its teeth seemed to chatter with cold:—"This a cauld an' eerie night to be so late on Anneslie moor!" and immediately it glided away. Andrew lay a few minutes in a trance; and then arising from his cold bed ran hastily towards the cot-

tage of his mistress. His hair stood on end, and the vapors of the night sunk chill upon his brow as he lifted up the latch, and flung himself on an oaken seat.

"Preserve us!" cried the old woman, "Why, ye are mair than enough to frighten a body out o' her wits! To come in wi' sic a jaunt and a jerk bareheaded, and the red blood scattered a' o'er your leather jerkin! shame on you, Andrew! in what mishanter hast thou broken that fule's head o' thine!"

"Peace mither," said the young man, taking breath. "I hae seen the bogle."

The old lady had a long line of reproaches, drawn up in order to march between her lips; but the mention of bogle was the order for disbanding them. A thousand questions poured in, in rapid succession. "How old was she? How was she dressed? Who was she like? What did she say?"

"She was a tall thin woman, about seven feet high!"

"Oh Andrew!" cried Effie.

"As ugly as sin!"

"Other people tell a different story," said Effie.

"True on my Bible oath! and then her beard"—

"A beard! Andrew," shrieked Effie, "a woman with a beard! For shame, Andrew!"

"Nay, I swear it:—She had seen full saxty winters afore she died to trouble us!"

"I'll wager my best goun," said the maiden, "that saxteen wad be nearer the mark."

"But wha was she like, Andrew?" said the old woman. "Was she like auld Janet that was drowned in the pond hard by? or that auld witch that your muster hanged for stealing his pet lamb? or was she like —?"

"Are you sure she was na like *me*, Andrew?" said Effie, looking archly in his face.

"You—Pshaw! Faith, guid mither, she was like to naebody that I ken, unless it be auld Elspeth, the cobler's wife, that was spirited awa' by the Abbot, for breaking Father Jerome's head wi a tin frying-pan!"

"And how was she drest, Andrew?"

"In that horrible three cornered hat which may I be blinded if I ever seek to look upon again! an' in a large blue apron."

"Green, Andrew!" cried Effie, twirling her own green apron round her thumb.

"How you like to tease one!" said the lover. Poor Andrew did not at all enter into his mistress's pleasantry; for he labored under great depression of spirits, and never lifted his eyes from the ground.

"But ye hae na tald us what she said," the old woman assuming an air of deeper mystery as each question was put and answered in its turn.

"Lord! what signifies it whether she said this or that! Hauld your tongue! and get me some comfort; for to speak truth, I'm very cauld."

"Well mayest thou be *sae*," said Effie; for indeed, she continued, in a feigned voice, *it was a cauld an' eerie night to be *sae* late on Anneslie Muir.*"

Andrew started, and a doubt seemed to pass over his mind. He looked up at the damsel, and perceived, for the first time that her large blue eye was laughing at him from under the shade of a huge three cornered hat. The next moment he hung over her in an exstacy of gratitude, and smothered with his kisses the ridicule which she forced upon him as the penalty of his preservation.

"Seven feet high, Andrew!"

"My dear Effie!"

"As ugly as sin!"

"My darling lassie!"

"And a beard!"

"Na! na! now you carry the jest o'er far!"

"And saxty winters?"

"Saxteen springs; Effie! dear, delightful, smiling springs!"

"And Elspeth the cobler's wife! oh! Andrew, Andrew! I never can forgive you for the cobler's wife!—and what say you now, Andrew! is there no bogle on the muir?"

"My dear Effie! for your sake I'll believe in a' the bogles in Christendie!"

"That is," said Effie, at the conclusion of a long and vehement fit of risibility, "that is, in a' that wear three-cornered hats."

THE TRAVELLER.

"He travels and expatiates as the bee
"From flower to flower, so he from land to land."

FROM THE FREE PRESS. VISIT TO FORT ERIE.

An Extract from a private Journal.

From Black Rock, I crossed over to the Canada shore, with the intention of visiting Fort Erie, a place of considerable interest on account of several battles which were fought there during the last war. The Niagara, at this place, has a most grand and beautiful appearance. The waves, rolling in from the lake above, with very little abatement of their violence, kept our boat in constant agitation; and, notwithstanding the great depth of the river, the current is so exceedingly rapid that we were obliged to ascend about three quarters of a mile along the shore, and then fall down with the current in order to strike the point opposite the place we left. The American shore is ornamented with a neat, flourishing little village, and two or three elegant seats along the bank. On the opposite side is an extensive prospect of a distant forest and several beautiful groves interspersed among cultivated fields, which slope gently down to the very edge of the water. Above, the lake expands its broad bosom, and presents the appearance of a mighty sea, disgorging its waters through this narrow channel. A short

distance below is a large island covered with beautiful green shrubbery, and presenting a beautiful appearance.

A short walk brought me to the Fort. It is situated at the lower end of Lake Erie, about a mile from the Niagara river, on an elevated plain of about thirty feet above the surface of the lake. This Fort was taken by the Americans soon after the commencement of the war, and continued in their possession till a few months before the restoration of peace, when they evacuated it, having previously burned and destroyed every thing which could be of use to the enemy.

Sufficient of the works, however, still remained to enable me to trace distinctly the general arrangement and plan of the fortification. The walls are in a tolerable state of preservation. They are massy and firm, built of a hard kind of flint stone with which that region abounds. They are thirty feet in height and run parallel with the shore of the lake.—The principal gate is situated near the centre of the Fort, on the side adjacent the water.—The passage leading to this gate appears to have been guarded by a large mound thrown up in a triangular form, and so situated as to oblige the assailant to approach in a direct line with the guns of the Fort. The front part of the Fort which overlooks a vast plain, appropriately called "the battle ground," is still more strongly fortified. A rampart and two large bastions are immediately connected with the walls. Below these is a broad ditch, winding around the corner of the Fort, having a large battery just beyond. Still farther are several temporary parapets. On the left, a line of works, principally of earth, extends to the lake; and a similar line on the right comes up at right angles with the Fort.

As I stood on the principal bastion, casting my eye over these mighty works, and beholding their ruins, numerous associations rushed into my mind, and I could not refuse a few moments' reflection on a scene so full of interest, so pregnant with all that is gloomy, solemn and affecting, and yet so much blended with deeds of bravery and heroism. To be on such a spot and contemplate the miseries and calamities of war; to look over the field recently covered with the bodies of "the slain in battle"; to tread the ground once moistened with human blood, and to call to mind the agonies and groans of the wounded and dying, excites emotions that defy utterance and give us a more just idea of the real nature of war than we ever gain from the perusal of descriptions in which the distresses and woes of thousands are forgotten in admiration of some distinguished hero.

Here has the bird of war preyed, though now nothing appears but the silent reign of solitude and ruin. Here contending armies have met and bathed their swords in each other's blood; the brave commander and the ar-

dent soldiers bled and died on the spot where my eyes rest, and now they lie beneath this green turf, their undistinguished dust mingled together. These walls upon which I stand have been stained with human gore; this very ground has been drenched with blood—with the blood of my fellow beings—with the blood of my countrymen. These waves, which now rise and swell in the distance, then sink and recoil, and at length break into sheeted foam, have re-echoed to the cannon's roar and the groans of the dying. These winds, which sweep over the wide waters and hurry the anxious sailor and the still more eager passenger to port, have sighed over these walls, as the souls of the brave passed along to the world of spirits. This mighty river has been crimsoned with human blood, and has borne down its rapid current the carcasses of the slain.—These fields have been strewed with human bones—the uneven surface, the swelling turf, the rising mounds which meet the eye from every quarter, mark out the graves of the dead, and exhibit in a degree, what destruction of human life has here been made. The lake lay in full view, and as far as the eye could reach, no object intercepted till the remotest vision was lost at the point where the blue waters and the sky seemed to blend together, unless perhaps the swelling canvas of some vessel now engaged in the commerce of peace instead of conveying the instruments of death.

On this spot several important battles were fought, in all of which the American army was victorious. I shall only take a brief notice of one engagement:—On the 14th of August, 1814, the two armies were in full view of each other. The Americans occupied the Fort, and the British camp lay at a short distance on the opposite side of the field near the edge of the woods. Their numerous tents whitened the plain, and formed a beautiful contrast with the dark-shaded forest in the rear. As they were drawn out in line, their glittering swords, their number, and crimson equipage presented an appearance which might have excited terror in hearts less brave than those that filled the American camp. The day passed away without any unusual movements.—The last rays of the setting sun gave a peculiar splendour to the war-like appearance of the camp. The evening gun was fired, and each soldier retired to rest, but not without some foreboding thoughts of the morrow. He dreamed of battle, and of death; and his sleeping thoughts scarcely differed from the waking reality. About midnight the sentinel's alarm-gun roused every sleeping soldier. The British had made an attack upon the Fort with a determination to gain possession of it. The onset was violent and the contest severe. Our troops were thrown into some disorder by being assailed so unexpectedly. They soon recovered, however, and maintained the contest with unyielding

firmness and with their characteristic bravery. The enemy, after being three times driven from the parapet, which they had succeeded in gaining possession of, made a bold and desperate onset, rushed forward, and planted themselves on the large bastion, beneath which was the magazine of the Fort. At this moment, while the enemy were beginning to exult in their success, the magazine took fire and a most dreadful explosion took place, which at once ended the battle and destroyed the lives of all who occupied that battery and all who were near. Conternation seized both armies, as they witnessed this awful catastrophe. The light caused by the explosion enabled them to perceive distinctly the bodies of the soldiers as they were thrown to a great height in the air, mangled and torn in a horrible manner, mingled with the timber, stones and earth of the bastion, and falling together in one vast heap of ruins.

VIATOR.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Variety we still pursue,
"In pleasure seek for something new."

How to answer one question by asking another.—A pleasing example of this art, in which Saunders has the reputation amongst his south country neighbours of being a proficient, occurs in the traditional records of the far famed University of Auld Reekie. A professor of what in this country is called *Humanity* and who flourished not a hundred years ago, was not more noted for his classical attainments, than for the delight which he took in exercising his wit upon such of his pupils as he considered fair game, either on account of their neglect or stupidity. Among the latter, the learned Professor seemed to consider the well known D—E—, the amiable character of whose venerable and excellent father might have served to shield his untalented son from the caustic wit of this gentleman. On one occasion when Davie had been even less prepared than usual, the learned Doctor, in a supercilious manner, thus accosted the unfortunate pupil: "Pray Sir can you tell me how long a man can live without brains?" To which Davie, looking up in the face of the interrogator, and with a grin, to which his longitude of chin gave inimitable effect, promptly, but unexpectedly replied, "How auld may ye be yourself, Professor?"

"Will you do me a favour?" says young George Brooks to his wealthy friend, Simeon. "What is it George?" "I wish you to lend me a hundred pounds, sir," replies George. "Call at my counting house," rejoined Hanson, George was not long in paying respects. "What security can you give me, young gentleman?" "My own personal security, sir." "Very well; get in here," says Hanson, lift-

ing up the lid of a large iron chest. "Get in there!" exclaimed George in astonishment; "what for?" "Why, that is the place where I always keep my securities."

Anecdote.—The Rev. Dr. Isaac Barrow meeting Lord Rochester one day at Court, his Lordship, by way of banter, thus accosted him, 'Doctor I am yours to the shoe tie.' Barrow, seeing his aim, returned his salute as obsequiously, with, 'My Lord, I am yours to the ground.' Rochester, improving his blow, quickly returned it, with, 'Doctor, I am yours to the centre;' which was smartly followed by Barrow, with, 'My Lord I am yours to the Antipodes.' Upon which Rochester, scorning to be foiled, exclaimed, 'Doctor, I am yours to the infernal regions.' On which Barrow, turning on his heel, answered, 'there my Lord, I leave you.'

Bumpkins.—In England it was well known the Yankees are ridiculed with the name of Bumpkins. An English lady on a tour through the northern part of this country, passing a field of pumpkins inquired what they were? Her companion replied that they were pumpkins.—"Barbarous wretches!" exclaimed the lady (mistaking the name for Bumpkins,) barbarous wretches, to bury their friends with their heads out of ground."

SUMMARY.

A stone, weighing several tons, and so nearly poised as to be easily rocked by one person, has been lately discovered on Ascutney mountain, in the town of Windsor, Vt.

The whole number of passengers, including Americans, that have arrived in the United States, during the year ending on the 30th of September last, amounted to 9560.

A monument is to be erected in Scotland, to the memory of Tannahill the poet.

MARRIED.

On the 6th inst. at Chatham, by David W. Patterson, Esq. Mr. AMOS CARPENTER, Jun. of this city, to Mrs. LYDIA BUNKER, widow of the late William Bunker.

In Hillsdale, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Timothy Woodbridge, Mr. ALBERT HOUSE, Merchant of Hudson, to Miss ELIZABETH EGGLESTON of the former place.

In the same place, on the 12th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Mallory, Mr. HENRY VAN DEUSEN, Merchant of Taghkanic, to Miss MARY ANN BOSTWICK of Hillsdale.

Died.

In this city an Sunday morning last, Mrs. RACHEL GAUL, consort of Mr. John Gaul, Merchant of this city aged 38 years.

On the 12th inst. Mr. ISAAC DAYTON, aged 72, he was a native of the state of Rhode Island.

In Athens, on the 13th inst. Mr. SOLOMON WILBUR, in the 67th year of his age.

In Chatham on the 12th inst. Mr. SAMUEL COLEMAN, formerly of Nantucket, aged 52.

In Germantown, on the 6th inst. WILLIAM S. an infant son of William Chapman, Esq. aged 10 months and 28 days.

In Chatham, Conn. on the 10th ult. very suddenly, Mr. WILLIAM BOLLES, aged 76.



POETRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.

THE INDIAN CHIEF

Visiting the burial-place of his tribe.

“All perished!—I alone am left on earth!
To whom nor relative nor blood remains,
No!—not a kindred drop that runs in human veins.”

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

With sorrow I tread o'er the wide desolation—
And scarce know the spot where our council-house
stood;
Not a vestige is left of our pow'rful nation,
For the white man's drank deep of the Indians blood.
How painful, alas, is the sad recollection
Which runs through my mind as I view yonder wave;
I think of the fate of each tender connexion
And sigh o'er the downfall of all that was brave.

I think of the objects of early affection
With whom I was happy in life's younger day!
How sad, and how solemn, the gloomy reflection,
That those who then liv'd, have long since pass'd away!
I now am denied that true source of devotion
(For the white man has plough'd o'er the Indian's grave)
Of stilling my mind of each boisterous emotion
By viewing the hillock that covers the brave.

The whites, they may talk of their civilization,
Call us barbarians; (we shun not the name;)
And burning our huts 'mid the sad conflagration
On our lost glory, strive to heighten their fame,
They may tell of *Yahhoorah*, their spirit in heaven,
And say that the white man he only will save;
But can it e'er be that these men are forgiven,
Who pay no respect to the bones of the brave?

Few moons will roll on ere my pilgrimage's ended,
For soon will the current of life cease to flow:
I shall sink to the tomb alone, unattended,
And no one will sigh when Tahoolah lies low.
The white man will pass in the pride of his splendor
With a black at his side—a vassal, a slave,
Whom he'll tear from lov'd homes—from friends the most
tender,
And force to toil over the home of the brave.

HENRY.

FOR THE RURAL REPOSITORY.
LINES

Written after attending the funeral of a Young Woman.

There's beauty in Autumnal days
That oft has warm'd my breast
The lurid sun, the lucid haze,
The variegated wood.

Yet milder are, the closing days
That crown the good and blest,
And bright the sun, without a haze,
That points them to their rest.

And sweet the fruit that Autumn gives
When plenty strews the ground
And spreads a feast for all that lives
With joy and gladness crown'd.

Yet sweeter are the fruits of peace,
To me far more alluring,
Crown'd by Heaven, with rich increase
Eternally enduring.

There's music solemn in the breeze
That whirls descending sleet,
When falls from tall dismantled trees,
Their foliage at my feet.

More solemn yet, the fun'ral toll
O'er Youth and beauty's grave
When in the flutt'ring breezes cold
Black weeds of mourning wave.

Melville Kinderhook.

H

FROM THE SPANISH. FIDELITY.

One eve of beauty, when the sun
Was on the streams of Guadalquivir,

To gold converting, one by one,
The ripples of the mighty river;

Beside me, on the bank was seated,
A Seville girl, with auburn hair,

And eyes that might the world have cheated,
A wild, bright, wicked, diamond pair!

She stooped, and wrote upon the sand,
Just as the loving sun was going,
With such a soft, small, shining hand,
I could have sworn 'twas silver flowing.

Her words were three, and not one more,
What could Diana's motto be?

The Syren wrote upon the shore—

“Death, not inconstancy!”

And then her two large languid eyes
So turned on mine, that devil take me,

I set the air on fire with sighs,

And was the fool she chose to make me.
Saint Francis would have been deceived

With such an eye and such a hand:
But one week more, and I believed

As much the woman as the sand.

ENIGMAS.

“We know these things to be mere trifles.”

Answer to PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Because he keeps the passover.

PUZZLE II.—Because he made a (D canter) decanter.

PUZZLE III.—His Foot.

PUZZLE IV.—Because they make the Butterfly.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Where was the first nail struck in the ark?

II.

What two monosyllables are those that divide the whole world?

III.

A Gentleman on travel, met

A modest servant maid;

Her artless beauty, so him smit,

He wrote to her and said:

“In lawful wedlock's holy bands

“I wish with you to join;

“And hope to have from your fair hands

“A satisfying line.”

The girl had never learnt to write

Nor would another trust,

That in her loss might take delight,

So few are true and just:

But from her kitchen stores she sent

A something safe enclosed,

That satisfied his wish and want,

Say what, when thou hast paused.

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